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Mark Turbyfill

MY HEART, LIKE HYACINTH

Oh, Grief is not so near to tears
As I!

Hurting me more than chord-pain—
The thought of you,
Quiet, alone,
Lovely as a watered reed,
Resting in the straightness
Of your cool white bed.

For I, storm-shattered and sick,
Lie here flushed, hard-breathing.

Oh, Grief is not so near to tears
As I!

THE ADVENTURER

Gatherer of shells,
Flower-hunter,
Breather of slight winds—
There is much to surprise me.

I bring you songs for flutes,
And odd-shaped leaves
And pointed vagaries.

These trinkets you may toy,
And twine into your moods—
Carelessly.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

But I cannot tell you of what they are made,
Or where I found them.

MELLOW

These soft hours,
The color of blurred pebbles
And wan sand,
Are an old worn fringe
About the breasts
Of the mellow afternoon.

The lilac lake
Is a saucer—thin—
Burdened with faint blue rings.

The brown velvet dog
Is a curved attitude
Upon the lawn.

Jagged in the black tree-lines
The frayed sun languishes—
A pale pink poppy
Grown too large.

WITHOUT CHAPERON

To S. W.

Frail,
The white moon leans
To the green-edged-hill.